

In Gooseville once a Dandy Fox Came strutting down the street, Dressed in the very swellest style, Well groomed and mighty neat.

His winning ways attracted soon A foolish Goosie Girl; Her heart went quickly pit-a-pat,

Her head was in a swirl.

The Dandy started courting, Though her Folks said: "It's no use! Imagine such a state of things-

A Fox to wed a Goose!"

But Young Blood takes not Old Advice; And, heeding not their say,

The silly Maiden packed her duds And with him ran away.

So they were married, and at first Things went along all right, Until the Foxy rascal growled And started up a fight.

He said that she should give him All her feathers for his bed; But she cried, "Monster, I'll go back To my Papa instead!"

Then "must" and "shan't" and "can" and "can't" Were scattered by the peck, Unftil, at last, with savage snarl He darted at her neck.

Snap! Snap! The Goose's fate was sealed! He licked his jaws, the sinner; He'd got himself the feather bed Besides a dandy dinner.

Now to deny this Moral plain Is surely little use: "The Fowl who weds a cunning Fox Is but a Silly Goose."

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